

The Aquilaran Justice System

Irbisgreif

for Annie The Eagle

Description

RECENTLY, I have been able to return to writing, relaunching my Patreon (please consider supporting my poetry, my friends) and resuming commissioned story writing. This story represents the first I will have written since I was forced out of writing by terrible contract writing.

Annie the Eagle is a common client of mine, and for this story, she asked to see the misbehaving, hubristic eagle Kira devoured and tormented and destroyed by her dragon character, Faith. I enjoyed writing this one. Even if it does seem harsh, when has that ever stopped me from having a lot of fun?

Was a \$70.00 story done in about three weeks. Not bad considering I spend most of my time at my shitty job!

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KIRA twisted her rectrices slightly to bend her flight, thrilling in the sensation of air flowing over her primaries. Nothing brought the bald eagle as much joy as flying freely

through the air on a cool autumnal day, catching thermals and soaring to great heights.

Of all the wonderful pleasures of her life as the dominant species in the great nation Aquilarum, flying was the most sublime. She could cover vast distances easily on a supersonic train, but she preferred the freedom of seeing the beautiful countryside beneath her. She could go to vast, public art galleries, but she liked even better the open air and subtle variations in clouds around her. She could dine at the most delicious and prompt restaurants, but better still to have fresh preymeat explode in size as she dove down for a snack.

Kira slipped down off the thermal carrying her up into the sky, bending her course back to the other side—she wanted to go to a nearby beach to feed. It was the perfect place to get a meal, both salmon and albacore were known to wash up, and after a couple of days, they tasted excellent. The only problem was how hard the beach was to reach. There were only two ways—several dozen miles in a wide arc over the

nearby mountains or straight to it over a naval base.

The naval base's staff never cared much for her incursions, but so far she'd managed to glare and convince the peregrine falcons and albatross guarding the airspace to leave her alone. Very few in Aquilarum, even in the ranks of the military and police, had the bravery to challenge a Bald Eagle. Annie *regina aquilarum* was, herself, an eagle. Fully confident in her superiority, Kira assumed that today would be like any other, and that a simple demand would get her 'permission' to cross over the naval base to the prime feeding grounds.

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TODAY was not "any other day" for Juvinalis the Shrike, commander of the Classis Falconum. The IAV Tharajegen, one of the older battle-cruisers and staffed mostly by cormorants and foxes, had utterly failed inspection for the fifth year in a row. The requisite punishments (fatal impalements of course), had left Juvinalis and his command staff exhausted. Were it not for this terrible crew, he would not even have come out to this out-of-the-way military base to seal up a ship and mothball it himself.

Naturally, it did not amuse him in the slightest when, looking up into the air while relaxing and listening for the punished to stop screaming and squirming, he saw an Eagle recognised by AQUILAOS as not belonging to the military facility. It amused the shrike even less when he learned that

this 'Kira' was not only entering the base unauthorized, but that she had been told over a dozen times not to violate the facility's airspace!

This simply would *not* do. It was utterly unacceptable for any creature in Aquilarum—even and especially an Eagle—to violate a military base's airspace. Accidents might occur and misunderstandings could be forgiven for one of the elite of Aquilarum's society, but there was no reason for this eagle to repeatedly violate the military base's security like this.

No legitimate reason, anyway. The information was all immediately filed into AQUILAOS, collated, processed, and a determination and judgement pronounced. Kira, Eagle, Citizen, Espionage, Guilty. The incompetent commander of the IAV Tharajegen had simply permitted the misbehaving eagle to repeatedly violate this airspace, and would also be equally guilty, but the cormorant was far too busy being pushed onto a giant spike to be berated for even further failures as a commander.

Juvinalis motioned to the two of his guards who were busy pushing the pierced captain down. "He's clearly stuck to the pike, go get that criminal eagle and package her to be shipped to the Queen."

The pair immediately took to the air from the field of impaled, whimpering bodies and rushed to arrest the criminal before she could do anything even more inappropriate.

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BALD eagles are majestic, skilled fliers, but once two well-trained peregrine

falcons were above her, Kira had no chance of avoiding being caught. It did not help that the eagle assumed she would just be yelled at and glare her way through security again; she barely paid the falcons any attention.

A stooping peregrine can quite nearly reach $400 \frac{\text{km}}{\text{h}}$. By the time Kira realized that she was being attacked, four talons had already buried painfully into her wings and rendered her helpless. She was slamming to the ground before she could say a single word to the dutiful military policebirds that had snatched her from the sky. Groaning on the ground, Kira could only say, “What—” before her beak and head were covered and her legs tied. Aquilaran guards are noteworthy for their efficiency. The criminal, squirming, squawking eagle was soon fully tied, with her wings forced to fold against her body—though talon wounds meant she couldn’t fly anyway.

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UNFORTUNATELY for Kira, the execution of the useless crew of the IAV Tharajegena had been more than justice. While each of the poorly behaved crew fully deserved their suffering, their deaths were also the morning entertainment via AQUILAOS for Annie the Eagle and Sirius the Eagle.

Kira’s hubris had been on full display not only to an important Admiral, but also to her Queen and ruler, and had not amused the powerful phoenix-eagle or her mate in the slightest.

It took only minutes for the airspace-violating eagle to be bundled into a rapid-transport, rushed to the centre of Aquilarum, and carried by elite guards straight to the royal throne room to be sentenced immediately by Annie herself.

“In the past 100 years,” the merciless queen began, addressing the still bound and helpless eagle, “I have had to punish only *one* other eagle, let alone a fellow *bald* eagle. It angers me to have to see *any* prisoners with the 43 species prefix. Given your status as one of the elite of Aquilarum’s society, I think it is clear that you will *certainly* be an F-class prisoner.”

At Annie’s pronouncement, AQUILAOS immediately assigned the poor prisoner an identification number—43-F00- α -B149-C4492—and erased all other records of her life in Aquilarum.

“Naturally, you will suffer greatly over the next eternity, I think that feeding your body as lubricant to machines, and as food to workers in the torture center, should be an excellent way to achieve the high pain levels required of an F-class such as yourself.”

AQUILAOS updated poor Kira’s number with the requisite torture-type flags—43-F00- α -B149-C4492-LV. It was the only thing that Kira would ever be known as in Aquilarum ever again.

Kira struggled on the floor, hearing the ruthless queen pronouncing her eternal torture as punishment for her repeated airspace violations and hubris in assuming that simply being an eagle gave her

any right to go where the government of Aquilarum said she could not go.

Sirus was silent. The husband and mate of the Queen of Eagles was not prone to interrupting or interjecting when his wife was busy enjoying the power she had over lesser creatures. However, watching the struggling, writhing creature on the floor before the pair, he could tell how humiliating it was to Annie to have a member of her species so weak and poorly behaved.

A V-tag though, gave the male eagle an idea, one that he shared once Annie was done pronouncing the command that Kira be punished. "Perhaps, my dear, if instead of an F-class prisoner, we made her an X-class. And perhaps if we... *gave* her to our dear dragon Faith..."

Sirus let Annie fill in the rest. The two had recently acquired the sapient pet dragon, and Annie had been saying that she wanted to test the dragon's various abilities. Sirus was, to use a disgusting human phrase, killing two birds with one stone.

Annie hopped in joy at the thought, "Yes!"

And that was all that was needed for poor Kira to become 43-x00- α -B149-C4492-V.

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DESCRIBED briefly, Faith the Dragon was large, bright orange, and female. That was to say, she stood nearly three metres tall and four meters long, had scales the color of a brilliant, glowing sunset, and between her rear legs was a cloaca that was capable of laying eggs.

Faith was the latest component of a coterie of devoted servants, followers, and lovers of Sirus and Annie the Eagles'. She had just arrived a few days before, in fact, eager to swear herself to the eternal service of Annie and Aquilarum, binding her fate to the universally powerful Eagle.

That—and being hungry—was why Faith had readily and happily accepted the proposal and gift that the lovely two eagles she served had brought to her. Kira was less keen, but as she was dragged to the dragon by a wounded wing, only her squirming could register her complaint at this treatment. Said complaint picked up quickly as Faith's talons began to slowly strip away the bindings keeping Kira still and helpless.

However, any hope that the dragon was not intending something very painful for the eagle was dashed as soon as Kira leapt up to attempt an escape from the dragon's fore-claws. The eagle had barely moved when two huge sets of bright red paw-pads collapsed around her, trapping her in place up in the air.

The dragon teased, "No you don't, my little morsel."

The doomed eagle struggled to escape the powerful paws, pleading with her captor to help her escape the wrath of the 'wicked' eagle that arranged her torments, "Lemmego! Please! Annie's unfair..."

Faith did not seem to like that line of reasoning, and brought down one of the paws holding Kira still with so much speed that the eagle was carried along and trapped underneath.

Terrified, Kira squirmed underneath. If there was one constant involving Annie, it was that the road to the eagle's heart (and so the heart of most of her 'pets') was through the foot—foot worship and adoration.

Kira bent her face upwards as best she could and kissed the powerful orange pawpads holding her down, trying her best to really get into the spirit of serving the dragon's feet. She put everything she could into carefully working her tongue and beak along the contours of the paw holding her down.

She worked hard and diligently, and her work was far more diligent than her respect for Aquilaran airspace restrictions. Had she put similar care into the latter, she might not be dealing with working the taste of some unfortunate skunk off of Faith's pawpads. 43-X00- α -B149-C4492-V's life depended on providing the very greatest pawpad service to the massive, indomitable* dragon.

Unfortunately, even if moved to provide mercy by the great service—which Faith was not—Annie the superlative Eagle was busy watching the proceedings, and Annie wanted Kira to suffer.

Faith whispered gently to Kira, chuckling softly as the bird tried to appease her. "Calm down now, keep focussed on my glorious pawpads, make the end of your life be in service to them and you'll have mattered just a tiny bit before dying."

*Naturally, Faith was only indomitable excluding the truly and utterly indomitable eagles Annie and Sirius from consideration.

Whether Kira heard or not, surrounded by pawflesh, was unclear. What was clear was that Kira redoubled her efforts to pleasure that pawpad as Faith began increasing the downward pressure on the eagle's body. Creaking sounds and soft screams filled the air. Kira could not, would not, did not dare to stop pleasuring those pads in hope of mercy, but the pain of being bent and crushed by a dragon's foot was too much for any creature, even an eagle, to resist.

The poor victim's pain amplified with each passing moment. The only things increasing more quickly than the poor smashed eagle's suffering was the pleasure that Faith and Annie and Sirius were feeling at watching horrible justice forced onto the condemned's body.

Eventually, that justice was enough for first weaker, and then stronger bones in Kira's body to give way. Screams that would be piercing if not sealed away behind the thick pads of a dragon's foot flooded the air as Kira's wings snapped and popped, giving way and breaking under the intense weights applied all over them. The slow kneading movements of Faith's paws only made it worse, bending and twisting those long, delicate, and formerly very useful appendages around and back and forth and to and fro. Her legs and feet, especially, were utterly annihilated and demolished between the dragon's toes.

Slowly, the crushing and kneading actions of Faith's paws destroyed all bones but the skull of the poor eagle—though the dragon's self-control was enough to keep

all of those painfully snapped wing and leg and chest bones contained in the poor eagle's skin.

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WEAKENED and in horrible agony, Kira was now less an eagle and more a sack of meat. A sack of meat that Faith displayed proudly to her gracious hosts, Annie and Sirus. Kira was unable to speak or flee, only twitch and whimper, as the pressure was finally reduced on her body.

Annie hopped close—she was naturally immune to attack from the dragon, though Faith would never wish to harm her. Looking over the feathered lump of pain and bone rubble, Annie sighed. It was a strange sound, the one that pressed out of that eagle's lungs. It was and was not the exasperated sigh of a judgemental, angry ruler. It was and was not the pleased sigh of a sadist seeing the torments they have inflicted. It was and was not the sigh of a proud pet owner, seeing the capabilities of their highly skilled pet. Somehow, the sound that emanated into the space between Annie and Faith was all three sighs rolled into one noise.

Faith's reaction to the complex noise was simple. The dragon began to lick her lips in anticipation of her meal.

Kira's reaction was simpler still as she lay suffering, "Please, have mercy..."

Annie completed the simplifications with a word, "No."

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FAITH's stomach rumbled with hunger as she lifted the mashed and whimpering Kira to her waiting muzzle. The broken eagle was unable to fight without a working skeleton, muscle movements only caused a quivering that induced a steaming saliva drip from Faith's lower lip.

The steam burst into the air as the dragon yawned wide, ready to take in Kira to her final resting place. Kira shook a bit in the dragon's grasp, and was then dropped without ceremony into the dragon's hot maw. Kira screamed in terror, as that was about all she could do.

Saliva wasn't the only thing moistening the air. At the sight of the immense dragon's maw slowly engulfing the twitching, damned eagle, Annie could not help but grow wet. No physical stimulation was even needed, the pleasure of sealing a misbehaving subject into a horrific fate was better than any sex.

The dragon enjoyed the luxury of slowly swallowing her ineffectual prey. Kira found her head pressed from a hot, steaming maw into the a rippling squeezing passage—Faith's throat. Outside the dragon, Annie's feathers spread and puffed in happiness as Sirus gave her a hug from behind. The two rulers watched as a lump of parting and lifting scales—43-x00-α-B149-C4492-V—travelled slowly down the dragon's throat with the peristaltic action.

The heat of the throat, however, was nothing compared to the *literal* hellfire that raged in the dragon's stomach. A tight ring forced itself over the screaming eagle's broken form, welcoming her to digestion. The in-

tense dragonfire within danced around her, and flames licked at the eagle's body, breaking her down, not for nutrition, but to create more fire.

Faith let the muffled screams continue as she smiled to Annie and Sirius as they watched. After a moment, Faith broke her grin and began explaining, "My Queen, right now that... thing... is being wreathed in powerful, magical hellfires inside my flame pouch. It's a part of my stomach."

Annie nodded, "It hurts, yes?"

Kira would certainly agree in the affirmative, considering that her eyes had boiled and burst from the heat, and that a tongue of flame was currently eating away at her sensitive nares. Somehow, the pain managed to linger even after it had destroyed a part of her body.

Faith closed her eyes and sighed, "It is almost indescribably horrible, my Queen. Her body alone is not digesting."

Kira gasped—letting fire scorch her lungs—as a soft blue smoke began to fill the flames around her, slowly scorching into black and vanishing into more bright white fire as the pain amplified.

The dragon continued, "Her soul is digesting as well. Naturally so will her mind as she rapidly ceases to be. She simply feels more, and more, and more pain as I convert every tiny bit of her into mystic flames within me."

Annie's beak's edges curled in an avian smile.

Kira thrashed uselessly, her skin and feathers gone, her body rapidly flying apart as the immense heat destroyed her body

and soul. Her memories began to fade, sorrow joining the agony as she forgot her family, her friends... everything about her history that made her an individual and formed her personality was slipping into a terrible oblivion.

Faith rumbled, "She's barely a thing now, all of it is gone, converted into magical fires. Memories, knowledge, personality... the prisoner is nothing but pain and sadness at this point, ready to be consumed and cease to be.

Annie nodded, "Please continue, my dear pet."

Faith opened her mouth, letting steam rise into the air of the vaulted ceilings of the room. It was followed quickly by an enormous, bright burst of superheated flames. The ball of fire—almost twice the size of the dragon as it rose—soon took the shape of an eagle curled in agony as the last moments of existence passed for hapless Kira.

The fireball then dissipated, leaving not even smoke as a memory of Kira's passing. Her entire existence burnt up, spent by the mighty dragon.

The dragon smiled, pressing her paws together in enjoyment as she looked to Annie and Sirius, eager to see if they approved her methods of digestion.

The two eagles looked to each other and gave a short nuzzle and nod as they both came to the same simultaneous decision. Annie, ever the ruler of Aquilarum, pronounced her decision, "We should fetch the prisoner's relatives— process them with Faith, of course—and put it all up on AQUILAOS's visual entertainment ser-

vices. I want *everyone* to be reminded that Aquilarum's punishments are swift, just, extreme, and of course, wonderful for me to watch."

